THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING—ASHBEL SMITH AND JOSEPH W. HAMPTON—EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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The Western Carolinian.

BY ASHBEL SMITH & JOSEPH W. HAMPTON

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. To insure prompt attention to Letters addressed to the Editors, the postage should in all cases be paid.

Poetic Recess

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

From the Knickerbocker.

DREAMS.

[BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Revere thyself—for thou art wonderful
Even in thy passiveness. Hail, heir of Heaven,
Immortal mind!—that when the body sleeps
Dost roam with unseal'd eye, and tireless wing,
Where memory hath no chart, and reason finds
No pole-star for her compass. Guest divine—
Our earthly nature bows itself to thee—
Putting its ear of clay unto the sigh
Of thy disturbed visions, if perchance
It gain some whisper of thy glorious birth
Or deathless heritage.

How sweet are dreams
To those whom waking life hath surfeited
With dull monotony! 'Tis sweet when Day
Hath been a weariness, and Evening's hand,
Like some lean miser, greedily doth clutch
The flowers that morning gave us, to lie down
And breathe a fragrance that they never knew—
Pressing our fingers to the thornless rose
That springs where'er we tread. 'Tis very sweet
To turn from stern reality, who sits,
Like some starch beldame, all precise and old
And sheer intolerant—and with the spell
Of radiant fancy, rove unblan'd and wild,
And limitless. When niggard fortune gives
A stony pillow—like the patriarch's bed
Who slept at Bethel—gentle dreams do plant
An airy ladder for the Angel's feet,
Making that hard couch like the gate of Heaven.
They feed us on ambrosiæ—till we loathe
Our household bread.

To traverse all untir'd,
Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby—
To hear unearthly music—to plunge deep
In seas of bliss—to make the tyrant grave
Unlock its treasure valve, and yield the form
Whose loss we wept back to our glad embrace,
To wear the tomb's damp drapery, yet to live—
To catch from Heaven a glimpse of streets of gold,
A sound of harpings, and a gleam of wings,
Forever glancing o'er the ethereal way—
These are the gifts of dreams, and we would speak
Most reverently of their strange ministry.

——Lo—life is but a dream! Awake! Awake!
Cast off the trance of vanity, and look
With keen, undazzled eye above the cloud
That canopies man's hopes. Hear ye the voice
Of Deity, that 'mid man's hour of sleep,
In the still baptism of his dewy dreams,
Beareth such witness of the wondering soul,
As breath'd o'er Jordan's wave—"*Behold my son!*"

SELECT MISCELLANY.

European Correspondence of the Portland Advertiser.

THINGS IN ENGLAND—JUNE, 1835.

A truce to essays. I am on the wing again.—You may consider me on the road to London, as entering London, mounted on an English coach, they never say stage here, that's a Yankeeism, and marks an American in England. Stage coach, they sometimes say—never, "driver," but always "coachman." Yes, you may consider me on a stage coach, a being galloped off to London from Portsmouth, 72 miles in 7½ hours, including stoppages; fare 12 shillings, about three dollars, without the coachman, who comes in for 50 cents more. You see I am as particular as a guide book. The fact is, these are the very little things every body wants to know, and therefore I have treasured them up, and now, if any one will take the trouble to draw comparisons, he will see that land-motion is the same in England as in Northern States, and cheaper than it is in the Southern. Steamboat fare is dearer. In land carriage, the English are a century ahead of us, in comfort, expedition, certainty of motion, &c., &c. In steamboat carriage, we are a little more than a century ahead of them—and as much better as their carriages and horses are than ours, so much worse are their steamboats.

One of the new sights that first strike an American eye, is the number of red coats—of officers and soldiers that he meets with in the old world. Having been in Halifax and in New Brunswick, I was partially prepared for such an exhibition.—The red-coated soldiers and the blue coated officers throng the streets of Portsmouth. One meets with them every turn he takes. Indeed, it is no wonder that the English find little difficulty in procuring recruits, and the best of them, too—for the poor fellow here must have very bad taste not to exchange his doubtful condition in life, and his rags for a red broadcloth coat, and cap, and trimmings, with enough to eat, and but little to do.

Another of the new sights is the servants in their rich liveries. The gentlemen's servants in England look very like our dandies, and the gentlemen some what like our waiters. Indeed, one's ideas of propriety are often wonderfully puzzled. These servants are such well dressed fellows, in such fine broadcloth, with so many trappings, that I have to pucker up my mouth twice, before I can ask them to do a job. I cannot tell servant from master, and therefore I often go wanting. Opposite my hotel in Portsmouth, a fellow has often popped his head out, who interests me much. He has on a powdered wig, scarlet breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, and a coat covered all with embroidery and spangled buttons. If I had not had a hint or two, I should have taken him for the Duke of Wellington. He looks very like—the wig excepted—our Major Generals of Militia, on a muster day. It would be a long while before I could make up my mind to ask such a piece of furniture to do any thing in a servile way. His master, whom I have since seen, is dressed very like some of our plain men—and herein is a lesson for a manlover of fine dress—that he is playing, in America, the very same part that a master makes his livery servant play in England. And here is another lesson, too, for us: How ridiculous is that silly imitation of livery in the Northern States—it is well enough in the Southern, in another condition of society—when an American livery is such a beggarly imitation of the rich and costly dresses over the seas here—when an Englishman, too, can put on his livery the crest of the arms of his family, whereas we republican Americans cannot, for the life of us, tell what families we come from—a large majority of us having no families at all. When we have the coat of arms let us don the livery, and not before.

The 'coachman' of an English coach is almost always a fat man. Ours happens to be not over fat, but he is the only lean one I have seen. We have eleven passengers outside, and four in. Four or five outside are ladies, and ladies, by the way, ride on the outside as well as in. The quantity of baggage, they never say baggage in England, every thing is luggage, is immense. A coach on our roads would upset in a very short time with such a load. Nor could an English coachman drive an American coach on an American road. He would break the necks of all his passengers in a very short time, for such furious driving as will answer over a McAdamized road here would be ruin over our roads. I have been often amused to see the wheel put in an iron shoe to go down a little hill, that an American driver would never think of at all. The inside seats of a coach cost nearly double the sum that the outside seats cost—and they are not half so pleasant, unless it be in a shower; but this is another invention to keep a certain class of people from all possible approach to another class. This classification is indeed amusing all over Britain. In some of the steamboats they have three cabins, graduating the price accordingly. On some of the railroads they have three classes of cars. These are little things as specimens of many others more important. One sees this legal classification as it were, so novel to us, the moment he enters England, and it is visible in almost every thing—so numerous and strong are the barriers that aristocracy girts itself with. English coaches are all licensed, which is an excellent plan, to carry so many passengers, and no more.

As we approached London, two of our inside passengers, who, after paying for an inner seat, preferred riding outside, were driven in, as the coachman was afraid to carry thirteen passengers outside, his license extending to but eleven—and I marked that, as we went along, many of the cabmen in London put out their whips, as if they were counting us. The coach starts, too, at the very moment allotted it. At every stage the horses are all ready. The time at which the coachman shall be at all the principal towns is marked upon the way-bills, and the exact time of his arrival is marked too by the agent there. Thus the punctuality of movement is wonderful. It is like clock work. The guard—when there is one, and there is one almost always, keeps the time, and whistles to the coachman to make him drive faster—and every guard has a watch if he is too slow. The milestones on the road, with his watch, let him know his exact progress.

The mail coaches all leave London at 8 o'clock in the evening (all in Ireland leave Dublin in the same manner,) for all parts of the Kingdom—and it is a pleasant sight to see them as they all start at the same moment from the General Post Office, the guards in their red coats all sounding their horns and driving at once for the different roads all over England and Scotland. They drive about twelve miles an hour, and average ten miles, including all stoppage. Indeed, in any part of England, you can count upon the the arrival of a coach for a certainty, within five minutes of the time allowed. As this furious driving would be somewhat dangerous in many parts of London, light carts, with a single horse take many of the mails to the suburbs. The number of their passengers is limited. In this admirable arrangement there are many hints for our coach proprietors, though upon our roads there can be no such certainty of movement as there is in England.

There are many little things all along the road, to remind me that I am in a foreign country. The eagles no longer answer my purpose. The sovereign and the crown have taken their places. Instead of dollars and cents, the talk is all of shillings and pence. A different law of the road prevails, directly the reverse of ours. The coachman passes all carriages on the right hand instead of the left. A river now and then appears. The bridges are all stone, magnificently made. Not a house is built of wood; all are of stone or of brick. The villages are ugly, when compared with ours. In the beauty of those in the northern States, we far surpass the English. Window blinds and verandahs are never seen. And then the hotels have such odd names, that they really amuse one; for here I have passed "the Great Devil," and "the Fighting Cocks," and am bound in the coach to the "Bull and Mouth," by the "Brown Cow," and the "Hen and Chickens"—to say nothing of the "Cross Foxes," the "Jolly Butcher," and the "White Cows"—all names of English public houses, odd enough, to be sure. Every town in England, I believe, has a "George Hotel" in it—to say nothing of the "Royal Victorias," &c., &c. The best hotel in a place is called the "Head Hotel," but by what law it has this claim, which all acknowledge, I cannot say, but it often blazons the claim publicly enough.

For miles and miles out of London, there is as it were, almost a succession of houses. At last I could see the black cloud of smoke that ever hovers over this immense hive of human beings. I stretched my eyes long before I came to the Thames, or the *Tems*, as they call it here, (but these English do not speak English, as I shall prove by and by, rascals as they are for abusing us for our Yankeeism;) the farfamed Thames, to see this river; and when I first saw it, and that not far from London, it was a pretty little rivulet, as we should call it, with low banks, that the Penobscot would take in at a gulp; and this was the Thames, the renowned Thames, bearing on its little bosom all the commerce of the richest, and, Pekin excepted, the greatest city of the world! Then Windsor Castle was in sight; the residence of the King and Royal Family, with the British flag floating over it to denote the presence of the King, as our flag floats over our Capitol, when Congress is in session.

But all my eyes were for London—anon we were engulphed in this whirlpool of human beings, swallowed up in the mighty vortex, in the city of the growth of centuries, where man has been dying for hundreds and hundreds of years, and other men have filled the reservoir—where battles and the Plague have strived to see which should work direst havoc with human life, where the great dead have thronged, and the mighty living were thronging—and here am I, one solitary man, knowing not a being among one million and a half like myself! And here, even here over the very dust of the host slain by the Plague, and the mightier host slain by Time, palaces are up; and the wild, reckless laugh is heard;*—commerce is boisterous pushing its wealth, the beautiful lady and gallant beau driving their high and proudly decked steeds, and the golden embroidered livery of servants is flashing in the sunset. Oh, there is something painfully sad on entering such a city! Where are the men who figured so lustriously, the Kings and the Nobles, the Orators and the Poets? gone where such men as Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Fox are gone, with the other dead within the walls of yonder Abbey. I am writing this within the sound of Westminster—what is Fame or Wealth that this host now trampling the streets should seek it thus? Does Wellington or Peel within the walls of St. Stephen's either promise himself an existence that a Marlborough or a Canning has not, that each struggles so fiercely in the conflict of parties? What confusion there is here! What involutions of streets and lanes! What a pile of brick and mortar and stone! What a wilderness of men! What a Babel of thought and actions, and I, among them all, am but the millionth and five hundredth part!—Good God, how utterly insingnificant we are.

* Regent street is now the fashionable street of the city. Here the dead who died with the Plague were buried. Here the women of the town now thickly congregate.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

An English gentleman, of true John Bull dimensions, that is, weighing some eighteen or twenty stone, had occasion to travel in a stage coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he commonly did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, arrived at the statge before him, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, having a centre seat, on each side vacant. The round good tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and, peeping into the vehicle, and observing the local arrangements that had been made, he said with a smile: "you see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. I will be obliged, if one of you will move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young lawyer, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, come first, entered regularly into our possession, and our claims to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not wish to dispute your claims," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"Oh, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother. One sits so ungracefully; and, besides, one loses all chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner," and he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself, with hopeless composure, in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmanly obstinacy. He turned to a smart looking youth, with a simper on his face; a clerical student, who had hitherto sat in reverie, dreaming perchance of some fat benefice. "Will you not accommodate me?" he said: "this is the last London stage that goes to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with an air of much gravity; "some speculation after filthy lucre. Good father, at your age, your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth," and his companions roared with laughter at the "damned clever joke."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure, to the fourth: "Are you also determined that I should lose my place? or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Aye do, Tom," said his young Lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a phisiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him.

"May I be poisoned if I do," replied the student of medicine; "in a dissectiug room he would make an excellent subject: but in a coach, and this warm weather too! Old gentleman! if you'll place yourself under my care, I'll engage, in the course of six weeks, by diet of a judicious course of diuretics and cathartics, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But really, to take a middle seat in the mouth of July is contrary to all the rules of Hygeia, and a practice to which I have a peculiar antipathy."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time, the patience of the coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmem," said he, "settle the business as you like: but it wants just three quarters of a minute of twelve; and with the first stroke of the University clock, my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him It would lose me my situation." And, with that, he mounted his box, took up the reins, called to the hostler to shut the door, and sat listening, with upraised whip, for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfrey, the horses, as if they recognized the sound, started off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness, and our fat friend's disappointment afforded a prolific theme for joke and merriment during the whole stage.

The subject of their mirth, in the meantime, hired a postchaise, and followed and overtook the coach at the second stopping place, where the passengers got out ten minutes for dinner. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney sweeps passed with their bags and brooms, and their well known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman; "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shade of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride my boys in the stage coach?"

"Yees, zur," said the eldest, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then—hostler! open the stage door. In with you; and, d'ye hear? be sure you take the middle seats; so—one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded: and coachee's voice was heard: "only one minute and a half more, gentlemen; come on."

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the stage. The young lord was the first who put his foot on the steps, "Why, how now, coachee, what damned joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads," said the fat gentleman.—"My lord, the two middle seats are mine, regularly taken and duly paid for, and these youths are my two *proteges*. An English stage coach is free to every one. Your lordship has a horror of the middle seat. Pray take the corner one."

"Over reached us, by God!" said the lawyer.' "We give up the cause and cry your mercy, Mr. ——."

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir. It would be uncivil to dislodge the poor youth; you have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" said the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to confine our thoughts to earthly concerns, but rather turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than sit beside these black devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend, and you will not be compelled to violate the rule of hygeia by taking a middle seat. Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me one minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without you, if so be you don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door, he found it impossible to compose his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal," said the future churchman, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" said the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of the lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated, the seats shaken and brushed, the worthy sons of the university made up among themselves the expense of the postchaise, the young doctor violated for once the rules of hygeia by taking a middle seat; and all journied on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared, that "to be delayed a minute and a half at one stage, and within a few seconds of three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint, that it was!"

A western paper states, that during the late hurricane in Danton, Illinois, a *fence rail was driven, by the force of the wind, entirely through the body of an Ox!*

From the Nantucket Enquirer.

LIFE OF A VILLAGE EDITOR.

There are no miseries extant more [illegible] in their operations on the mind, than those which pertain to the management of a country newspaper. Your metropolitan establishments are full of labor saving apparatus, and are moreover conducted on the most modern and approved toil-dividing principle. The editor has his seperate closet or cockloft, his assistant another, and perhaps a third, and a fourth their appropriate retiring places also. The first employs himself two or three hours per diem upon the politics or other chief topics of the day, and there is an end of his task for "these twenty-four hours." His subordinates overhaul the mail papers, string items together, make up police reports, scribble scraps of local news, detail or construct awful accidents, regulate the marine list, &c., each in his respective department. The publisher, who is next in authority to the principal editor, oversees the affairs of the counting room, where he is also assisted by book keepers and clerks. The printer presides over the mysteries of the press and the composing stick, apportions the work among the journeymen and apprentices, and his only care is to "get out the paper in season." Thus, by a systematic division of labor, each moving in his own allotted sphere, the whole machinery goes like clock-work.

Not so with the concerns of a village print; especially if located on the seaboard, in some spot not used as one of the world's thoroughfares. Whoso superintends such a journal, must adapt his work to all manner of caprices, and undertake all sorts of enterprises. The duties of every part of the *factory* are concentrated in him. He must speculate in politics, fabricate tales, descant on the sciencies, measure out paragraphs and poetry, gather ship-news, compose advertisements, pick up jokes, jobs, marriages and deaths; he must hear every thing, know every thing, tell every thing; the books and bills, the purchases and payments, the collections and the kickings, are all within his province; he has the whole to regulate or provide for, to dispense or receive.

He must be accessible at all hours, always at his post, and often elsewhere, at every one's command, to puff or denounce, to blow up or suppress, watching the stream and winking at the eddy. His den, or business purgatory is an epitome of chaos. Here a broken chair, there a worm eaten ricketty table, bearing a cracked inkstand, three quill stumps, sundry strips of scrawled paper, a pot of frowzy paste, a pair of edgeless scissors, and a tin lamp, stuck in a perforated barrel bung. In one corner is a dilapidated desk, covered with an assortment of office lumber and professional trumpery, a ledger, a dictionary, the mail book, a pile of congressional documents, bundles of unliquidated subscription bills, heaps of school books sent in to pay for anticipated compliments, pamphlets of every hue, size, and nature, some of them sleeping like himself, or any other wearied sentinel, upon the very top of a magazine.

Female self-possession.—A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper relates the following incident as having occurred duringthe riotous proceedings at Baltimore:

"To give you some idea of the power of beauty, I will state a circumstance which occurred last night. A physician, who had acted as one of the mounted guard, became, from the fact, obnoxious to the will of the mob; they, therefore, in full fury, marched to his house. It was almost 12 o'clock, and few of the inhabitants had retired to their rest; Mrs.——— was seated at her door when the crowd came suddenly upon the house—she stepped out upon the porch, and demanded, in a loud voice—"Gentlemen, what do you want?"

"Staggered at the fearlessness of the lovely creature, the leaders hesitated for a moment—and then told the object of the unceremonious visit. She stated that her husband was not in—said that there was no one in the house but herself, another female, and her infant. "If you are *Baltimorians*," said she, "I know you will not attempt to molest us, unprotected as we are; if you are *not*, pass in." Saying this, she stood aside—but they exclaimed, "No, madam, we will not harm you," and passed on. I am told that her nerves were strung to such a pitch, that she fainted immediately afterwards."

THE PLAGUE.

It is stated that Dr. ABBOTT, an Englishman, who officiates as Surgeon Major to his Highness Ibrahim Pacha, has discovered that this disease is *not* contagious, but purely endemic, and that it yields as readily to a proper course of medical treatment as any other disease. The discovery was made *accidentally*. While on board an Egyptain vessel, he was called upon to see a patient, felt his pulse and proceeded as he deemed the case required. Soon after, the disease proved to be the plague, and the Doctor believing that he should inevitably take it himself, determined, notwithstanding, to continue his attentions at all hazards. He did so, and with perfect success, not only in that case, but in many others which he afterwards undertook. The discovery is, certainly, of great importance.

There is an oak Tree in Richmond township, Fayette county, (Tenn.) which measures around at the ground *fifty feet*, and five feet from the ground, girts 23 feet 10 inches; the stump of another tree, cut on the same tract of land, measures 6 feet 3 inches in diameter.

Murel's Gang.—The last Nashville Republican contains the following extract of a letter, which goes further to confirm the credibility of the Murel pamphlet:

CHARLOTTE, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1835.

P. S.—We have a couple of chaps in jail at this place, whom we suppose to be of Murel's gang.—They came to this place and offered to sell horses so cheap, that the citizens became suspicious of them and put them in jail. Since they were put in jail, they have confessed enough to convict them. Their names are Reubin and Larkin Tims. They say the horses which they have were stolen by J. G. Murel, from Mayfield, Kentucky.

Keep a good look out. The country is full of rascals.

The name of R. Tims appears in Murel's book, (by Stewart,) as one of his confederates.

POLITICAL.

ABOLITION AND THE WHIGS.

The Washington Globe follows up its plan of agitating the Abolition Question with a view to political effect. In its late numbers, it has labored to identify certain Whig Editors with the Abolitionists; on some foreign testimony, unworthy of credit.—But suppose it to be true that two, or even three of the Whig Editors entertain opinions favorable to the Abolitionists—while they refrain from agitating the subject in their journals. The Boston Advocate and the Hampshire Republican—we will mention by way of offset—are both strong Van Buren papers—and both decidedly Abolitionists. The N. Y. Evening Post is charged, and we believe justly, with favoring the same views. The Editor of the Liberator openly boasts that Burgess was defeated in Rhode Island by the vote of the Abolitionists.—The Abolitionists in Connecticut, we have been credibly informed, voted at the late election for the Van Buren tickets; under an apprehension that the contest would ultimately be reduced to a struggle between Van Buren and Judge White—whom the Advocate has studiously denounced as the Slave Holders' Candidate.

The Globe is making a great noise about Mr. Otis, whom it charges with being a Whig Editor. Mr. Otis is a Whig we admit—but we are not aware that he is an Editor. But, to offset Mr. Otis, suppose we take Mr. George Bancroft—an active friend of Mr. Van Buren and a thorough-going Abolitionist. Journal by Journal—and man by man—as many leading presses and leading individuals favorable to Abolition—can be pointed out in the Tory ranks as in the Whig—while the mass of the Abolitionists are continually urged to go for Mr. Van Buren on the subtle suggestion that Judge White will be his most formidable opponent—and that Judge White is *the Slave Holders' Candidate.—Boston Atlas.*

Several reasons why Martin Van Buren should not be elected President of the United States.—1. He is, in effect, nominated by General Jackson, and the President should never be permitted to nominate or electioneer for his successor. 2. He is the Candidate of the *Office-holders*, and not the Candidate of the *People*. 3. He is the prolific parent of the odious system of proscription for opinion's sake, setting the first example in his own Department, whilst Secretary of State. 4. He sanctioned the removal of the public monies from the depository in which they had been placed by the People's Representatives. 5. He is known to sustain the monstrous pretensions set up by the Executive in his Protest—an instrument which would centre all power in the hands of the President and destroy every other branch of Government. 6. He has done more than any other individual to turn the eyes of public men to the President, rather than to the people, for the rewards of public service.—7. His opinions are not certainly known on any single question now agitating the country. He has been a Federalist and a Republican—war and anti-war—State-Rights and Consolidationist—Tariff and Anti-Tariff—Jackson and Anti-Jackson—Bank and Anti-Bank—against universal suffrage, and for universal suffrage. His motto seems to be, "Change as ye list, ye breeze," I'll sail before the wind.—*Raleigh Register.*

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

The abolitionists, who are now distracting the country with their incendiary publications, and whose conduct threatens to dissolve the Union of the States, may be divided into two classes. The one fully conscious of the evils which would result from the manumission of nearly *three millions* of slaves under any circumstances, but bent upon their objects at any and every hazard,—the other deceived into the belief that such manumission may take place *without* injury to the country, to the white population of the South, or to the blacks themselves.

To this latter class, as being honest in their intentions, and sincere in the mistaken opinions they have imbibed, we would for a few moments address ourselves. Of them we would ask, have you ever stopped to consider what would be the condition of the three millions of slaves of the south if they were at once manumitted and clothed with all the rights of Freemen? Suppose, for a single moment, that your wild scheme of *abolition* should find favor with all classes at the south as well as the north—what, we ask, would be the consequences of it? You cannot for a moment suppose that the white man and the black would amalgamate, nor can you think that once possessed of freedom the black would not make a struggle to take part in or control the Government of the Southern States.—What then? Would not the result of such struggle be the reduction of the black population to their former state of vassallage, or their triumph over the whites, and a change in position which would make the white man a *slave* to the negro? Is it possible for a single moment to believe, that one of these alternatives would not inevitably follow the manumission of the slaves, *either now or hereafter?* Yes, *either now or hereafter!* for it is idle to attempt an evasion of the question by talking of the gradual abolition of slavery in the Southern States. No person can be more opposed to Slavery in all its forms than we are; yet we are perfectly satisfied that, even if the Southern States were willing and anxious to abolish it, it is utterly out of their power to do so. It is morally impossible that abolition ever can take place without reducing the whites to the very position the *blacks* now occupy, and ultimately destroying the whole Southern country.

We are aware that those who seek the abolition of Slavery contend that the black man is naturally the equal of his master, and that his mind is as susceptible of cultivation as capable of accomplishing great purposes. With all such we differ in toto; and in support of our position, need but point to the present state of *St. Domingo*, once the most flourishing and wealthiest of the West India Islands. In as evil hour the *slave* became the master, and *St. Domingo* is now but little better than a wilderness, inhabited by Blacks with all the passions without any of the intellect of Savages. Learn it, Africo, and let the Philanthropist, who argues in favor of the natural equality of the Blacks, and supposes even their state of servitude, another evil, if it be that she remains in a state of barbarism. Why, look through our Northern States and ponder the habits and character of our *free* Blacks, and let any man in his sound senses endeavor to persuade himself that it is possible for them ever to become the rival and equal of the white man.—We know that there are occasional exceptions to the debasing ignorance and mental inferiority which characterize the Negro; but, even the brightest of these exception are only to be compared with the most mediocre specimens of talent in the white man,—and as well might we raise the whole *canine* race to an equality with human nature, because there are instances of sagacity recorded of them which exceed that of the ignorant of our own species, as argue that the *Negro* is the equal of the *White* man because there have been a very few instances in which individuals have exhibited more capability than most of their race.

Such being the fact in relation to the Negro, and experience having abundantly proved that, when *free*, he will not labor for a support, but is proverbially improvident and seldom looks beyond the wants of the present,—let us suppose the whole slave population of the South liberated and the whites still enabled to retain their position without becoming the slaves of the Blacks. What would then be the situation of our southern country, and what the relative position of the liberated slave? Would not our cotton, our rice, and our sugar lands, cease to be cultivated, except to supply the daily wants of nature? would not this richest portion of our country become such a waste as *St. Domingo* now is? and would not the situation of the *Negro* be much, very much worse than it is at this moment? He is now happy and contented; he has no thought for the future, no care for the morrow; all his wants are supplied by kind and indulgent masters, and in the hour of sickness he is watched with solicitude and care, instead of being left to perish in poverty and deprived of every comfort calculated to sooth his dying hour, as would inevitably be the case were he his own master and provider. We have seen the slave in the performance of his daily duties, and we knew full well the state of our free Blacks at the South. That the former has occasionally a bad master we admit; and yet, as the result of our own observation, we do not hesitate to declare, that *ninety-nine hundredths* of the Southern slaves are far happier and better contented, and better provided for, and in every view more *worthy* than the same proportion of our free Blacks. What then, we ask, as a measure of humanity, is there to be gained by *manumission*, even if it were practicable?

But there is another point in view, in which this subject should be viewed, and which we shall not fail hereafter to press upon the consideration of the north. Not only is the abolition of slavery impracticable, and not only would it be a curse to the poor slave to manumit him, and at the same time impoverish and destroy the southern country,—but the slaves are the *property* of the Southern Planter, and even if we had the constitutional right to liberate them, it could only be paying their full value, which at this moment is not less than NINE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! We must, therefore, bear in mind, that in the crusade of the Abolitionists against *Slavery*, they are not only endangering the lives of the Southern Planters and the happiness of the slave population, but are aiming to deprive a portion of our fellow citizens of a species of property recognized by our Constitution, and from which all the means of subsistence, and nearly all the wealth of the North is derived. But we have not time to pursue this sucject to-day.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

THE AGE OF ULTRAISM.

"We live in an age of *ultraism*; and we can scarcely engage in any enterprize, *in spite of the Devil*, but he himself will turn charioteer, and ruin, by intemperate zeal, the cause he cannot resist."—[DR. FISK.

It is impossible that the most casual observer of passing events, can fail to perceive that, for whatever else the present age may be remarkable, it is pre-eminently distinguished for an aptitude to push every opinion to its extreme limits—whereby truth becomes intimately blended with error—the most beneficial designs are perverted to evil purposes—and practicable theories are overthrown by the eccentric absurdities of their disciples. This position is equally true of Politics, Morals, and Religion. Let us illustrate it by a few particulars.

A few years ago, it became necessary, in the opinion of a certain party, to excite popular prejudice against the National Bank, as a means of maintaining their supremacy; and opposition to that institution became the test of orthodoxy. The discussions, however, which were elicited by the repeated assaults upon that institution, soon extended to collateral topics, embracing the policy of charters and monopolies: and as it was not difficult for those who felt any interest in that discussion, either as writers or readers, to imbibe sentiments of hostility to every thing wearing the semblance of "exclusive privileges," so it was natural that a party should be formed, the leading principle of whose creed should be hostility to all chartered institutions—whether for banking, internal improvement, insurance, or any of the multiform purposes to which the ingenious avarice of man has applied this principle of combination. Such has been the episode of this crusade against the Bank. Opposition to that institution, generated rather by the discriminating loyalty which party men always manifest for party orders, than by any offence perpetrated by it, or any mischiefs apprehended from the prolongation of its existence, soon expanded into hostility to the whole system of corporations: and the day is rapidly approaching, (and indeed, in some sections, it now is,) when pledges will be extorted from candidates for Legislative bodies, that no "exclusive privileges," in the form of charters, shall be granted, for any purpose whatever.—No one, we presume, doubts, for a moment, that this *principle* is, in the abstract, sound; and it only becomes erroneous when it is rendered inflexible. An indiscriminate grant of every application for a charter would unquestionably be unsound and injurious legislation; but not less so, in our opinion, would be the indiscriminate rejection of every such application. The true rule seems to be this—to grant charters where some great public good may be thereby effected, counterbalancing the evils of the system; and to refuse them when they are chiefly designed to benefit the stockholders, and when the public good is a matter of subordinate consideration. But, "down with all corporations!" is the war-cry of a certain school in New York, which, in despite of the counteracting influence of the numerous associations which have already secured a legal existance there, is fast increasing in numbers, winning recruits by the incendiary cry of "the poor against the rich," and banded together by the hope that the disruption of these associations, by diffusing their concentrated wealth, will exercise a levelling, and of course an equalizing influence! Such a hope is most certainly delusive; but the history of demagogueism furnishes no example, we believe, of the overthrow of such delusions, before the favorite theories of its leaders have run the whole circle of infatuation and disappointment. This is one of the many *ultraisms* in the political world. The catalogue might be vastly extended, if we had time and room.

Turn we now to Morals. The Temperance Society, it cannot be doubted, has been productive of immense good—reclaiming the sot; confirming the sober, in habits of sobriety; snatching from the lips of Genius the draught which would have quenched its fires; rescuing thousands of worse than widows and orphans from the brutality of husbands and fathers, maddened by the inebriating cup; and substituting, for the cries of anguish, which were wont to go up from the "loop'd and widow'd raggedness" of poverty, the cheerful voice of industry and contentment. But the advocates of this great moral engine, instead of being satisfied with the practical benefits it was daily achieving, must convert it into something else, which its original founders, so far from having ever dreamed of, would have been the first to repudiate, as a mischievous absurdity. Instead of confining it to the purposes for which it was originally instituted, and rejoicing in the reformations it effected, and the evils it prevented, some of the fanatics, who, it would seem, are naturally generated by every system of benevolence, as the most beautiful flowers are always infested by the most annoying insects, are strenuously contending that *Wine should be banished, by temperance advocates, from the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, regarding all measures, which stop short of this rule, as inefficient, if not mischievous! These men, it seems to us, confound good and evil—and place darkness for light, and light for darkness. They disgust less gloomy minds than their own with the absurdity of their opinions, and absolutely drive into the embraces of error many persons who are less deterred by its acknowledged evils than they are by the hideous habiliments which these ultraists throw around the majestic form of truth. These men have converted the Temperance Society into a school of Theology; and instead of confining it to its original and practical design, of keeping the sober in the paths of virtue, and reclaiming the intemperate from the haunts of dissipation, they have wandered off into the illimitable field of speculation, until they have become bewildered, and lost amid the mazes of conjectural duty! Under such circumstances, the Temperance Society will be fortunate, if it do not fall into disrepute and odium, with all whose support would be of any value, as a practically operative institution. Nothing can preserve it from the ruin which is the universal consequence of the fatal friendship of *such* advocates, but the prudence of its wiser champions, who are content to "ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and to walk therein."

Religion has not escaped the general tendency of the age. There are ultraists around the alter of the church as well as in the secular affairs of life—fanatics, who, imbued with the spirit of the pharisees of old, wear broad phylacteries, make long prayers at the corners of streets, and in the market places, and "thank God that they are not as other men." Such are the Abolitionists: for it cannot be doubted, by any person who will look at the persons engaged in this wild and impracticable and perilous scheme, and who will trace its progress, from the period when it numbered less than two score disciples, down to the present time, when it boasts of numerous societies of wealthy and influential citizens, that *Religion*, perverted from its beneficent, salutary, and holy purposes, is the instigating principle of the movement—just as, in past ages, it gave birth to the Inquisition, fanned the fires of Smithfield, and sharpened the knives, which, on the bloody day of St. Bartholomew, were made red with the blood of innocence and piety. Wherever the intolerant spirit of persecution has raged, whatever form it may have assumed, or however it may have been modified by circumstances, the dominant party have always found a succedaneum for the horrible crimes perpetrated in its name, in the reflection that they were doing God service by spilling the blood of those, who, in the judgment of self-constituted tribunals, were *guilty of wrong opinions!* Protestant and Catholic have alike assumed to be infallible, as they were alternately enabled to seize "the sceptre and the rod," and to

"Deal damnation round the land
"On each they deemed *His* foe,"

Whose benign system of Faith was heralded by the voice of angels, proclaiming "*Peace on earth, and good will to men.*" And at this time, a few men, whose locality, by placing them beyond the reach of certain influences, has deprived them of the power, even if it has not destroyed the disposition, to hold slaves, have constituted themselves into a society for the purpose of denouncing others, differently situated, who could not get rid of the state of things denounced, if they would—and are endeavoring to recommend themselves to God, and to procure a passport to Heaven, by a furious zeal, which, as it is without knowledge, and without a warrant from the scriptures, is also without merit, and will be without reward—nay, which, under the circumstances, is absolutely criminal. For, of what avail are all the "facts and arguments," which they have adduced, or can adduce, in effecting the universal emancipation, at which they profess to aim? Do they believe that they have ever yet broken the bonds of a single slave, or in the slightest degree ameliorated the condition of the African race? If they do, they are as egregiously deceived in the result of their labors as they are in the means by which the object which they profess to desire may be accomplished. So far from having induced the slaveholders to manumit one of their negroes, the course of the fanatics has shut the ears of the masters to all appeals on the subject; and, in proportion, as the clamors of the North have increased, so have the privileges of the slaves been restricted and their comforts abridged. They are, in short, as decided enemies of the blacks as they are of the whites; and their *cheap philanthropy* absolutely augments the sufferings which it would mitigate. But it is utterly vain and hopeless to reason with men, who, if they be sane, are endeavoring, under the cloak of religion, to effect ulterior objects; and who, if they be not, will necessarily be deaf to the voice of reason and true religion, both of which admonish them of the impropriety of intermeddling with questions placed beyond the pale of their jurisdiction, alike by constitutional prohibition, by local position, and by social obligation. Bigotry, however, assuming the garb of philanthropy, like the Devil robed in the garments of an angel of light, can only be reached by the argument of fear or force: and if those who have the power to crush it by the influence of the former, fail to do so, the time is not far distant when the latter must be resorted to.

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CŒLUM.

THE CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1835.

The Amended Constitution.—Gov. Swain, in pursuance of an Ordinance of the Convention, has issued a Proclamation, giving notice that Polls will be opened throughout the State, *on the second Monday in November next*, to continue open for three days; at which time all the qualified voters for members to the House of Commons are entitled to record their votes, for or against the Amendments made to the Constitution by the late Convention.

☞ The Synod (Presbyterian) of North Carolina will, we learn, meet in Salisbury, on the second Wednesday (the 14th) of October next.

The Presbytery of Fayetteville will meet at Sharon Church, in Montgomery county, on Wednesday the 7th of October next.

The Cotton Crops.—The Southern papers, generally, speak favorably of the present crops of Cotton in the South. They will, it is thought, exceed the crops of the past two or three years. In this section, the prospect is much more favorable than was anticipated during the season. The crops, however, are somewhat backward, in consequence of the lateness of the spring; and, should we have early *frost*, as is somewaat probable at present, cotton no doubt will sustain considerable damage.

In Mississippi, it is estimated that the Cotton crop will amount to at least 250,000 bales, estimated at $15,000,000. The Banking capital of Mississippi is only $12,000,000; and it is proposed to increase it, by the incorporation of a new Bank.

☞ The Van Buren organ at Raleigh, in calculating the probable vote in the several Congressional districts in this State, at the ensuing Presidential election, sets down 3,100 to the Whigs, and 1,100 to the Van Burenites in this District. Now, if that paper founds its calculation upon the votes given at the late Congressional election, it is most egregiously in error. There were about 6,000 votes given in; and if there can be paraded as many as 1,000 good and true Van Buren men among them, it is more than the party *here* has ever dared to claim. In this and Davidson counties, we positively believe that there is not 100 Van Buren *democrats*; and in Randolph and Chatham the candidates for the legislature who were formerly *whole-hoggers*, found the cause so unpopular that they abandoned it and came out for White; and even then, the mere *suspicion* killed some of them. So, we think it a very liberal calculation to give the caucusites 1,000 in this district.

The like error is committed in calculating the vote of the 13th district, (Mr. Williams's.) Ashe is the only county in the district tainted with Federalism, and it is very near equally divided; but 1,300 votes are given to Van in that District; which is at least 500 over the mark. There is too much Republicanism in the counties of Surry, Iredell, Wilkes, and Ashe, for Van Burenism *alias* Toryism to take hold upon the people.

In the mountain District, where the Van Buren candidate for Congress received only about 200 votes, the Van Buren organ sets down 2,500 to his party, and 2,000 to the Whigs. This is a strange calculation, indeed; and may serve to show how much dependence may be placed upon any thing which comes from the same source.

Convention of Southern Merchants.—By the following call, which we copy from the Richmond Whig, it will be seen that a Convention of the Merchants, of Virginia especially, and the whole South, is proposed, to deliberate upon the best course for that class of our citizens to pursue at the present crisis. We think the measure a good one—fraught with much good to the South and her institutions. All must admit, that the commercial intercourse betweed the South and the North, is a source of the great prosperity of each, and especially that of the north. The merchants of the south, are the channel through which flows all the produce and wealth of the south, into the hands of the northern capitalists—among whom are the leading abolitionists. What would be the effect produced, if the trade of the south should be withheld from the northern cities? The trade of the south constitutes the very life-blood of the prosperous establishments of the north. Through the medium of our merchants, they receive the products of our soil, either in its original state, or converted into capital. They *export* this, and give it to the foreign merchant, in exchange for goods which they *import* and exchange to us for our produce. Thus affording a lively and profitable employment to the commerce of the north, by means of the staple products of southern industry; while it affords, at the same time, a convenient market for the south to dispose of those products. *They* are a commercial, while *we* are an agricultural people; each interested in the prosperity of the other.—With this difference, however, that the north, without the trade of the south, could not sustain her commercial transactions—she would have no exports to give in exchange for foreign goods; and, indeed, there would be no need of importing, as the market for disposing of such imports would be closed, and consequently, the commerce of the north would inevitably go to the ground. That the north can be converted into a planting country, is impossible. The North, then, *must* depend upon the South, for her articles of exportation.

With the South, the case is quite different. We are a planting people, with nothing to hinder us from becoming a *commercial* people also. We have, heretofore, been *content* that our Northern brethren should receive the benefit of our industry, provided they permitted us to enjoy the benefits of their commercial prosperity. Thus adding to the prosperity of our common country—and affording employment to our citizens. But we were not *compelled* to this course. What is to hinder the South from importing the productions of her soil, and bringing back to her own ports, those articles which now she looks to the northern market for? She could most certainly do so, and that, too, at a great saving. This plan has already been agitated at Charleston, S. C. A line of Packets has been proposed, direct between Charleston and Liverpool, thus entirely superseeding the Northern importers. Either Charleston or Richmond, might be made to superseed New-York and Philadelphia, if the merchants of the South will take the proper steps.

But this would be a painful course for the South to pursue,—one which she will not take, unless pushed to it in self-defence, *as she is likely to be.* So long as we enjoy the prosperity in peace—which heretofore attended the intercourse between the North and the South—which has been a source of mutual benefit, we say, let it continue. But, if the money and wealth of the South is to be transferred to the hands of men at the North, whose avowed purpose is, with it, to carry out their plans for depriving the South of her dearest rights—for exciting a portion of her population to deeds of plunder, rapine, and murder, and ultimately, to involve the South in one scene of destruction, we say, *no more of it.* Let the South build ships and export her own riches.

To this end, then, is the calling this Convention of Southern merchants—whether they will any longer extend their support to a set of men who entertain, towards them and their brethren of the South, feelings of such bitter hostility, and designs so deadly. Then let it go forward.

"*To Virginia and Southern Merchants.*—You occupy a prominent and responsible position at this time. The North will do nothing effective to check by law the villainous injuries and insults offered the South.—The mass of Southern people can do little. The enemies of their peace will not come here to be punished for their atrocities; the People cannot go there to punish them. You can do every thing. Southern Commerce is the ring in the nose of the Leviathan, by which you may lead them to act the part of friends and brethren, and to desist from the part of incendiaries. All is dependent on you. Act with unanimity and patriotism, and you may effect great things for your country.

A Convention of the merchants of Virginia is proposed. Why not enlarge the conception and embrace the merchants of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, South and North Carolina. These limits embrace a people having the same policy, the same manners and customs, and the same interests.—A country, moreover, which produces the wealth of the Government and the Union. United, acting with concert and unanimity, its merchants can relieve it from dependence; and elevate it in the scale of power and importance. They, the merchants, are the front rank in the present emergency, but all the people will back and sustain them. Have we not—has not the South—been long enough overseers and factors for the North? And what are the thanks?

Let the Southern Merchants, therefore, assemble in Convention the ensuing winter, and adopt a system of measures for elevating and sustaining their own country. It needs but that the system be wisely devised and approved by them, to bring the whole people into its support.

☞ *Anti-Abolition meetings at the North.*—With one or two exceptions, the numerous meetings which have recently taken place at the North for the purpose, as *pretended*, of devising the best mode of protection to the South, against the ruinous measures of the fanatics, have proved an *entire failure.* Philadelphia excepted, not one of these meetings have proposed any *efficient* means for the suppression of the fanatics. They appear to be either ignorant of the cloud of danger which now hangs over this republic, or, regardless of consequences, unwilling to take the steps which duty, their obligations as citizens of a common country, and the cries of humanity dictate. We are truly sorry to see a spirit of this kind evinced by those at the north who *profess* opposition to the Abolitionists.

The South, in the extreme danger of her rights, and the peace and lives of her citizens, has called, in the most urgent manner, upon the North for protection.—The danger proceeds from that quarter, and so should the remedy. The offending individuals are beyond the limits of the slave-holding States, and of course out of the reach of their laws. But, for this reason, are they with impunity to scatter amongst us their lighted torches of TREASON and REBELLION? Is it not the duty of the non-slaveholding States, within whose borders the crimes are committed, to pass laws for punishing the criminals—making it penal to print, publish, or circulate their seditious doctrines? But, say they, this would be *bridling* the press, and *stifling* the *freedom* of speech, rights guarantied to all citizens by the Constitution. And are these the *blessings* bestowed by our glorious Union upon its citizens—the right to rob and murder each other with impunity? No: it is a base libel on that sacred instrument, framed by the wisdom of our patriot farhers. Were these the terms of our Union with the North, we should consider its speedy dissolution a blessing; to the South, at least.

The Northern People must *Legislate* the evil spirit of fanaticism into silence; and, until they do this, they stop short of their duty as fellow-citizens, their duty as christians, and their duty to humanity.

☞ *Anti-Abolition meeting in Lowell, Massachusetts.*—Below, from the Lowell Times, we give an account of an *attempted* anti-abolition meeting in that place, which was "broke up in a row," by the fanatics. What will those who have been lulling the South into the belief, that the fanatics are as *small* and *insignificant* in number, as they are wicked in purpose, say to this example of the spirit and power of the abolitionists? Are they, in Lowell, a mere handful of the degraded of her population, having no power or influence? Far from it, as these proceedings plainly show. When the abolitionists, in a large manufacturing Town like Lowell, are able to put down, by *hisses, yellings*, &c., a meeting of the orderly citizens opposed to their disorganizing doctrines, we may know what to expect from them, should they get the power in other cities of the North. And, from the progress which they have made, and are making, we may infer that they will not much longer be in the minority, in any of the northern towns and even States.—especially, when those who profess to be opposed to them, show that opposition by mere *wordy* denunciations. Nothing short of legislation can have any effect in silencing a set of men so lost to every sense of justice, and the rights of their fellow men. Lowell, too, is the last place at the North, which should afford protection to our enemies; for it is the largest manufacturing Town in the Eastern States; and, therefore more deeply interested in the prosperity of the South. But to the meeting:

From the Lowell Times, of Aug. 25.

GREAT SLAVERY MEETING IN LOWELL!!

We congratulate the citizens of Lowell on the triumph of free and liberal principles over *gag law* and oppression; we congratulate them on the complete and total failure of those who have so grossly insulted the enlightened citizens of Lowell, by calling a meeting for the purpose of passing resolutions so utterly subversive of the *principles of the Constitution*, and of common sense: we congratulate them on their independence in treating, with the contempt they deserved, the authors and supporters of resolutions advocating the destruction of our dearest rights. THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH and the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

A call for a public meeting, to be held in the Town Hall of Lowell, on Saturday evening, August 22d, to "*consult together*," and "declare their convictions" as-

to the conduct of those firebrand flingers, the abolitionists, was drawn up by one Charles H. Locke, to which he obtained the name of Kirk Boot, and about fifty others.

Capt. Austin was called to the chair, and the object of the meeting stated.

Charles H. Locke then read a set of resolutions, the most absurd and ridiculous that were ever offered to the consideration of any people whatever.

They required the citizens of Lowell to muzzle the press, to shut up their halls and churches against the discussion of this subject, and to *prevent all over whom they have any control* from attending meetings for such discussions! Hear that, ye who are called to bow to such tyrannical dictation, ye who are insulted by being called on to sustain *gag-law resolutions!*

The manufacturing citizens of Lowell, to their honor be it spoken, resisted with an energy, worthy of American citizens, such a base attempt to control them in the exercise of their constitutional rights. May they ever be ready to crush in the bud every attempt at such dictation.

Hisses, scrapings, coughings, and yells were mixed with the succeeding exercises. An attempt was made by H. C. Meriam, Esq., to justify slavery from the Scriptures; but the strongest disapprobation was manifested by the audience, who, after repeated, but ineffectual calls to order, *hissed him down!*

In the course of the scene of confusion which ensued, a gentleman, a stranger in the place, made a few remarks, and was called to order, on account of his not being a citizen of Lowell. *A Southern slave-holder rose and made a motion, which was seconded.* Amidst the disorder and confusion which characterized the meeting, the resolutions were referred to a committee of nine for revision, and the few who remained in the hall adjourned to next Saturday evening.

* * * * * *

Citizens of Lowell, are you prepared to accede to the imperious demands of Southern tyrranny! are you prepared to "*fetter the hands, and chain the tongues and pens" of your fellow citizens?*—Remember that nothing short of this will satisfy the South.

☞ *Meeting in Orange.*—The citizens of Orange county held a meeting at Hillsborough, on the 15th instant, to unite their voice, in common with the people of all the south, in condemnation of the northern fanatics. The Preamble and Resolutions adopted are of the true spirit—drawn up, we presume, by Judge Nash, as he was Chairman of the Committee appointed for that purpose. We subjoin three of the Resolutions, and would point especial attention to the *third*, as designating the proper course for the Legislatures of all the slave holding States to pursue on this exciting subject:

"*Resolved*, That we will use every exertion on our parts to bring to legal trial, and if guilty, to punishment, every person who may be reasonably suspected of a violation of any of the laws of this State, in relation to conspiracy, insurrection, or rebellion among our slaves.

Resolved, That we recommend to our fellow citizens to be vigilant respecting offences of this kind, and to unite with us in bringing all such as may commit them to speedy trial before the legal tribunals; and more especially, that we will endeavor to ferret out and suppress all incendiary prints and publications, which it may be attempted to circulate, by the public mail or otherwise, among the slaves and free blacks, to excite them to rebellion and resistance.

"*Resolved*, That it be, and it is hereby respectfully recommend to our General Assembly, to urge upon the Legislatures of our sister States the propriety and necessity of the enactment of penal laws by them, to punish those who publish and transmit to the other States libellous and incendiary papers, having for their object the excitement of domestic insurrection and rebellion among the slaves or free persons of colour.

☞ *James F. Otis.*—We publish the following letter in justice to Mr. Otis, who, our readers will recollect, was lately taken up in Virginia on suspicion of his Abolitionism. It serves, too, to show the ignorance prevailing at the North in regard to the crying "*evil*" of Slavery in the South, and which fills the Messrs. Tappans & Co. so "*brim full of Philanthropy*" that they are constrained to *send* a portion of it to us *heathens* of the South, in the shape of incendiary papers and pamphlets, calculated to incite insurrection. Mr. Otis was an avowed Abolitionist, until he came to the South and viewed the evil: what the result was, his letter will show.—*Query:* Might not a similar visit, by Mr. *Arthur Tappan*, the ring leader of the crew, have the effect to *change* his course also? We think it very probable: especially if he should travel within the bounds of Judge *Lynch's* dominions.

NEW YORK, August 29, 1835.

To the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

GENTLEMEN: If within the discretion granted you by the association whose organ you are, be pleased to expunge my name from the Declaration adopted at Philadelphia in December, 1833, as the basis upon which that society has been reared.

When I gave in my adhesion to the sentiments expressed and promulgated in that instrument, I had no idea that they were to be maintained at the expense of all the relations which, as an American citizen, I feel myself bound to cherish as forming the tenure by which the Union and common weal of this Republic are to be preserved. When I put my hand to that Declaration, I had no intention of enlisting in a crusade for the accomplishment of the possible advantage of one portion of my fellow-men, at the cost of the certain unhappiness, and perhaps death of another portion. Had I so viewed the plans and intentions of the association, one of the youngest of whose members I was, I certainly should never have enrolled my name among the advocates of sentiments, in their practical effects, so abhorrent to my better judgement, and more matured reason. If this, in your view, is a confession of former indiscretion, on my part—so receive it: it is, in my opinion, far better to retrace the steps of error early, than to persist in treading them, until to retreat be worse than to go forward. But my conscience acquits me in this regard, most clearly. It never was the avowed intention of those with whom I was at that time brought in contact, to take any step, for the advancement of the abolition of Slavery in our common country, in advance of popular enlightenment and general ripeness for action on the part of all the People of this Republic, in relation to this momentous question. Thus I viewed the proposed action of the society as intended to be mild, pacificatory, tolerant, and tolerable, to run in a judicious, temperate, and prudent course—influencing by arguments addressed to the judgment, reason, and interest of the slave-holder, rather than the passions of the slave. In the pursuit of this course, constitutional, lagal, political, proper, temperate, and rational as I have ever viewed it, I avow that I have been somewhat assiduous. I have been in favor of adopting those measures that should convince our fellow citizens of the South that the system is impolitic; and in arguing in support of the right of the people of the North to discuss this topic with their southern brethren in a temperate and discreet manner. I have at divers times, and on various occasions, been as direct and enthusiastic as my poor abilities would permit. All this I admit, and will add, that I deeply regret that I was mistaken in my estimate of the extent to which I was to be bound to go in urging this subject upon the attention of my countrymen, by those with whom I acted. This regret is the more deep and bitter, for that I am compelled, (in view of what has been the result of the experiment that has been made upon the temper and feeling of the people of the South by the Anti-Slavery Society,) to declare that the practical working of the plan proposed by the Convention at Philadelphia, in 1833, and since acted on by the society, has proved extremely deleterious to the weal of the country, and minatory in the most frightful degree, to the best permanent interests, as well as to the present advantage and welfare of the very class for whose benefit the enterprise was proposed.

These sentiments, the result of much past reflection, and no little late personal observation, carry with them, as you will do me the justice to concede, the necessity of my adopting the course I have intimated in the commencement of this note. I cannot consent to be identified with a Society, the operations of which are obviously so disastrous to the community to which we alike belong, and the members and executive of which seem inclined to take so little heed of, and to derive so little practical benefit from, the plainest manifestations that the general sense of those with whom it has to deal, is clearly, totally, and decidedly opposed to any action whatever on its part.

In relinquishing, therefore, my identification with your association, and its auxiliaries I reserve my private opinion upon the main questions at issue, while I declare to you my firm and unalterable determination not to urge that opinion against the most distinct and decided sentiments of the great body of my countrymen.

I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

JAMES F. OTIS.

The moving principle.—Let the *people* mark well the following avowal of the "moving principle" of the Van Buren party. These are the sentiments of the party—avowed by one of its leaders at the North—*Dutee J. Pearce*, recently elected to Congress from New-Jersey, on the strength of this doctrine:—"Reward friends and punish enemies."

"I now state, that, so far as I can be instrumental in effecting it, *every man in this State who holds an office under the State authorities, or those of the General Government, shall support the Administration that sustains them*—This, in my opinion, all ought to do; this I have no doubt all will do, and *none but a recreant traitor would hold an office under any Admidistration which he could not in conscience support. Support those who support you; this is my doctrine.*"

Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.—This gentleman appears to be gathering strength very fast, at the North and North-West. Already has he been nominated in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and recently in New York. The State of Pennsylvania is, beyond a doubt, decidedly in favor of him for next President. A very large Harrison meeting was held, last week, in New York; at which it was determined to have a grand "Harrison Festival," in October, and a Committee of one thousand appointed to make arrangements.

A good reason.—A Mr. McMillan, member elect to the Alabama Legislature, writes to the Editor of a paper who had classed him as a *White* man, that he is mistaken, for he, the said McMillan, is an *up* and *down* Van Burenite, and his only reason for being in favor of Van for the Presidency is, that he was rejected by the Senate as Minister to England. A very good reason; and, by the by, one which goes a great ways the present day, in elevating men to fat offices. For, just so sure as any man is rejected by the Senate, or defeated before the people, for any office, just so sure will Gen. Jackson give him some appointment. What a burning pitty *Davy Crockett* had not turned *Van*, just before he was beaten; he would not then have been left to *grin* in the western wilds among Bears, Panthers, and Alligators.

Editorial change.—Mr. Wm. B. Anderson, junoir Editor of the Danville Reporter, has retired from that paper, and is succeeded by Thomas A. Terry, Esq.

☞ We regret to state that our name-sake, the Edgefield (S. C.) *Carolinian*, has been discontinued; the reason appears to be, *not* for the want of patronage, but that colored type-setters were employed in the office.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

INTERESTING FROM FRANCE.

PARIS, July 29, 1835.

You will learn, from the political papers which will accompany this communication, that an attempt was made yesterday, about 12 o'clock, to assassinate the King as he was reviewing the troops of the line and the National Guards along the Boulevards. This review commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and lasted until five in the afternoon. The military reviewed were formed in the Boulevards, from the Champs Elysees to the vicinity of the former site of the Bastile, a distance of nearly two miles. The regular troops, or troops of the line, as they are called, were formed in a line, four men deep, on the northern side of the street, and the National Guards, which are in reality the organized militia of the city, were drawn up, in equal density, on the other side. The interval between them was 30 or 40 feet, along which the King, attended by his sons, and a large number of Marshals, Generals, and other distinguished men of the government, to the number of fifty or sixty, exclusive of the corteges or escorts, which preceded and followed the party around the King, proceeded reviewing, first in his way from the Champs Elysees the companies of the National Guards, and on his return, those of the line. The number of men under arms, I should think, was nearly seventy-five thousand. The street was crowded with people, as were also the windows which overlooked. It was a very imposing spectacle.

When the King had almost reached the extremity of the line, a machine, comprising twenty-five gun-barrels, all placed near each other, so as to form a compact mass, was discharged at the same instant. The sound was somewhat like that made by fireworks. It was so arranged that all went off at once. They were heavily loaded with balls and slugs. It was unquestionably intended to destroy not only the King, but also his three sons.

But the King and his sons and Marshal Lobau had just passed, and the contents of this dreadful machine were poured down upon those who followed, and upon the guards who were beyond, and reached some of the spectators. And dreadful was the effect. Marshal Mortier, the duke of Treviso, who was formerly a distinguished officer under Napoleon, and who was last winter appointed premier in the three days' ministry which did not endure, was shot in the heart, and immediately expired! Three other generals were either killed or mortally wounded. Several other officers were killed or wounded, besides several of the national guards, two or three women, and two children. Seven or eight in all were killed, as many at least, or more, mortally wounded, and many slightly wounded.

It was a shocking affair, and has shed a gloom over the city; for the killed were persons of great respectability—at least, many of them.

The confusion of the scene was very great. The falling of the men off their horses—the shrieks and groans of the wounded—the rearing and prancing of the wounded horses—the rushing up of the soldiers in form of battle—altogether baffle description. As soon as possible, all the wounded and dead were carried into the celebrated cafe, called the Turk's Garden, opposite to which the scene occurred, and order was soon restored, and the king proceeded on his march, cheered by the incessant cries of *vive le roi*, until he returned to the Place Vendome, where all the troops of the guards and the line defiled before him. And there cannot be a doubt that these brave men would have resisted to the last any attempt at a revolution.

But you will desire to know who was the author of this dreadful wickedness. So far as has yet been ascertained, there was but one person engaged in it. His name—or at least the name that he gives—is *Girard*. He is a young man of about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. His occupation is that of a gunsmith, it is believed. He hired a room in the house number fifty, in the Boulevard du Temple, about three months ago. He had prepared every thing, and after firing off his machine he attempted to escape by a rope from a window in the back part of the house. But he was at once arrested, and carried off to the conciergerie, or public prison. He was badly wounded by the bursting of five of the pieces. It is indeed said to-day, that he died this morning of his wounds. When he was asked whether he was the author of this horrible deed, he said, without hesitation, that he was. But he strenuously asserted that he had no accomplices.

This dreadful affair has put an end to the fetes. Immediate orders were given last night to suspend the illumination which was to have taken place on the Champs Elysees, and for which much expense had been incurred. Nor will the fire-works of to-night go on. The government has rightly judged that the times rather call for mourning than rejoicing.

What will be the issue of this no one can foresee. For my own part, I do not apprehend any serious difficulty. That the mass of the people are disappointed in Louis Phillippe, I suppose must be admitted But I think that the great majority of well informed people, of the people of influence, are disposed to think that, upon the whole, he has done as well as he could, with, perhaps, the exception of a few things which are not of vast importance. They know that it is a hard thing to govern this nation.—And that the King has undoubtedly acted with great wisdom as to foreign powers, and has done much to bring this nation to the state of unparalleled prosperity which it enjoys at this time.—These facts cannot be denied. And every thing is doing which can be done to promote internal improvements.—These things well informed people see, and know, and appreciate.

But, at the same time, there is a very general prevalence of dissatisfaction, which nothing probably but a strong army of 350,000 men suppresses. Whether it will be long suppressed, or whether it will soon burst out into a terrible explosion, none but God can know.

If the government will judge rightly respecting this disaffection and its cause, and will relax a little from its rigid measures, and will especially cease from so severely and so unwisely persecuting the political journals of the opposition, it will pass through these difficulties well enough.

It has been unfortunate that the government has pursued the course which it has done with regard to the "accused," from this city and Lyons, who are now undergoing a trial for the insurrection which they made last April was a year. They ought not to have tried those men before the Chamber of Peers, but before the other tribunals, and they ought to have allowed them their own defenders. The whole business of that trial has gone on badly. The obstinacy and boldness of the prisoners have been wonderful. Some of them possess considerable talents. The speech of La Grange—which ended with this remarkable expression, "Blood will require blood; and the day of vengeance will come, which will shake the aristocracy on its gilded seat, and royalty on its throne,"—was effective. A few of such speeches would produce effect. This the government knows full well. But they have gone so far with this trial that they must go through with it.—The result will unquestionably be, that some will be acquitted, and some condemned to a few years imprisonment.

The escape of twenty-eight of those from this city, two or three weeks ago, was remarkable. They have not been re-taken. How they all have escaped detection, I know not. And where they now are, or what connexion they have with the affair of yesterday, is not known. It is said that several of them have gone to Belgium. Doubtless they will be ready for some desperate work soon.

Should there, unfortunately, be a revolution, I think it will be bitterly regretted, even by the judicious friends of free institutions. This people are not prepared for any greater amount of liberty than they have at present. Of this I am confident. Nor will they be, until a greater knowledge of the scriptures exists, and a greater degree of pious feeling reigns in the hearts of the mass of the people. Nothing but the simple and true religion of the Bible, prevailing and governing in any community, can render it fit for free institutions—or at least, for republican institutions.

Louis Philippe has done much for France. He has kept clear of foreign wars. He has promoted commerce, agriculture, and the arts. Every thing is prosperous. He has promoted education too, and in a good way.—He has filled the offices of government, from the highest to the lowest, with capable men—learned men in many cases. There is not a country in the world which can be compared with France in the homage which is paid to talents and acquirements. Nor is there a country on earth whose public offices are filled to an equal extent—any thing like it, with literary and scientific men. France honors her *savans*, and she has reason to be proud of them. And the government opens wide the doors of the temples of knowledge to all who desire to enter.

Should a revolution occur soon, there will be great troubles indeed. There will be a powerful opposition to any attempt to establish a republic. And if it could be done, the nations around would not be willing to allow it. You may depend upon it, a general war in Europe would soon be the consequence.

But there will be no such attempt made, I am persuaded—at least, not at this time; and I am not without hopes that the government will act so prudently as to pass through this difficulty with safety.

There are many things which are highly encouraging with regard to this country. There are noble impulses in these people; and nothing is needed but the prevalence of pure religion to render this the most interesting nation in the world;—and I am glad to say that there is a gradual, but certain increase of what may be called *religious feeling*, even if it does not yet amount to any thing more. This nation has had enough of *infidelity* to satisfy any intelligent and benevolent mind: and I think that they have had enough of superstition, too.

They have strong desires after liberty, and a noble sympathy for oppressed nations. They are now aiding Spain indirectly; and through their efforts, and those of England, that country will soon be freed from her intestine war, and liberal institutions will prevail there. Neither Don Carlos, nor any other despot, will hereafter be allowed to rule in Spain, I will venture to predict, as long as France lies contiguous to the Pyrenees.

The state of things in Europe is fast hastening to that point when there will be only two classes of nations—those which enjoy constitutional forms of government, and, of course, are to a great degree *free*, and those which are under a despotism. The former will include England, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, eventually, and Sweden; the latter will comprehend Russia, Austria, Prussia, and some smaller German states, together with all Italy; and the war of opinion will be waged, and occasionally the sword will be employed by those who wish to break loose from their chains; and if the free governments will receive them into their fellowship, and *protect* them, without a general war, as they have done in the case of Belgium, Portugal, and Spain, the process of *liberation* will be glorious in its results. I believe it will be so. But the Bible must keep up with all these movements, or else there will soon be a retrograding.

Cotton.—The receipts of the new crop continue to increase, averaging about 75 bales per day, and is freely sold at 17½ cts. for prime, and 17 for good. The quality of the crop so far received, is very superior; and from all accounts received from the interior, our farmers are promised an abundant crop both of Corn and Cotton.—*Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel, of September 18.*

From the New Haven Herald, of Sept. 5.

HALLEY'S COMET.

Having been favored with a sky unusually serene, we have continued our observations on the Comet every morning since the 31st August, from one to three o'clock, during which time it has moved on its way about one degree and twenty minutes, very nearly in the course assigned by the computation. This morning its position was very favorable for observation, being in the same field in the telescope with a fine cluster of stars, whose place is given in Herschel's Catalogue, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1833, being No. 347 of the catalogue.

The Comet appears nearly circular, is about two minutes in diameter, brightest in the centre, and fading away in an ill-defined margin, appearing more like a fog than like a planetary body. Its position, this morning at two o'clock, was, as nearly as we could determine, in right ascension 5 hours 53. 6 minutes, declination N. 25 deg. 19 m.

The orbit of this body has been computed with immense labor by three distinguished astronomers, Lubback, Damoiseau, and Pontecoulant, who have severally fixed its perihelion passage, or that of least distance from the sun, for Oct. 31, Nov. 4, and Nov. 7. Pontecoulant, however, subsequently revised his computation, and fixed the perihelion on the 14th of November. By a rather hasty calculation, founded on the best observations we have been able to make, it appears that the perihelion will occur still later, probably to the amount of two days

To give some idea of the correspondence of our observations with the last results of calculation, it may be remarked, (1) that the place where the comet was first observed on the 31st of August, differed from the place due to it, according to the final estimate of Pentecoulant, only about half a degree: and, therefore, the observed and computed places are found in nearly the same point on the artificial globe; (2) that the velocity observed is extremely near to that given in the Nautical Almanack for the present time; and (3) that the time of perihelion will probably come out within a day or two of the time assigned, or indeed on the very day, as given by Littrow.

These coincidences show with how much greater accuracy the elements of the comet have been calculated on its present than on its previous visit, since the nearest approximation then made to its time of perihelion was about thirty days; and its place, when first observed, was so far from that assigned by computation, that it for a long time eluded the search of astronomers, and at last was observed first by a German shepherd.

The presence of the moon in the morning sky, will interfere with observations for the next fortnight. At the end of that period, we may expect to see the comet exhibit a far more imposing appearance than at present.

DENISON OLMSTEAD,
ELIAS LOOMIS.

Yale College, September 4, 1835.

P. S. This morning, at 20 minutes past 2 o'clock, our attention was attracted by an *aurora borealis*, of more than ordinary splendor. It formed a luminous bow on the summit of a dark cloud, which covered the northern horizon, and shot forth numerous corruscations. The magnetic needle was sensibly affected.

Vegetable Prophecy!—We copy the subjoined article from the Kanawha (Va.) Banner. Those who are not superstitious enough to believe in the prophetic acumen of the potatoe, may at least derive amusement from this account of one of the vagaries of Madam Nature:

MESSRS. EDITORS: Many persons will remember, that a *turnip* was found growing on the farm of Cincinatus, after he was dead and gone, having on it the letters F. R. This was but a little prior to the downfall of the Republic. It occasioned some excitement, and Tullius Marcus, a man who pretended to unravel mysteries, said it was a prognostic of that event, to wit: the fall of Roman Liberty;—*finis Reipublicæ*, were the words indicated by those initials. So much for this.

A day or two since, Mr. Goshorn, a gentleman of the true Van Buren cloth, dug up in his garden a potatoe, having on it the letters M. P., together with a fair representation of a *human heart*. Its colur is white, and the characters are in red, and Washington was the original proprietor of the soil in which it grew. Can you make any explanation about this phenomenon? Mr. Goshorn turns it into a promise of *more* potatoes next year, and *more parties*. He has Gen. Harrison in his mind, perhaps. If so, we may have *more purity, more patriotism*, and consequently, *more promise*, of a *magnificent precipitation* of the *Magician's prospects*.

Levity aside, this is a curious potatoe of Mr. Goshorn's. The letters and heart are perfectly delineated, as if made with red ink, on white paper. It may be seen at his house. AMICUS.

Cotton.—Since our last week's notice, about 270 bales have been sold in this market. There are several loads in town this morning. The highest price this morning is 17 cents.—*Columbia Times, of September 18.*

Can it be possible?—We learn that, in some portions of this State, the Van Buren men are endeavoring to make the vote on the ratification of the Amendments to the Constitution, a party one! In Cumberland county, it is said, that the friends of Mr. Van Buren will go dead against "Ratification," for no better reason than because the Convention, which recommended the Amendments to the people, was WHIG to the core. We do not vouch for this, but we assert it on highly respectable authority.—Of course, if our informant be mistaken, the Fayetteville papers can put us right.—*Register.*

UNITED IN WEDLOCK,

In this county, on the 27th ultimo, by John Shaver, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM C. SMITH to Miss. MARTHA HODGE; Also, on the 17th inst., by the same, Mr. SAMUEL MILLER to Miss. NANCY PARKER;—Also, on the 20th inst., by the same, Mr. DANIEL CROWEL to Miss ELIZABETH HODGE.

In this County, on the 17th instant, at the seat of Richard Harris, Esq., by the Rev. Thales McDonald, Mr. JOHN McRORIE, of Lexington, N. C., to Miss MARGARET McKENZIE, of Rowan.

In Charlotte, on Thursday, 8th inst., by the Rev. Samuel Watson, Dr. SAMUEL B. WATSON, of that town, to Miss EMILY DINKINS, daughter of the late Frederick Dinkins.

In Cabarrus County, at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Robinson, on the 3rd inst., Mr. DERIAS FOLSOME, of Charlotte, to Miss MARY HAMPTON, daughter of Mr. George Hampton, of Charlotte.

In Mecklenburg County, on the 10th inst., FRANKLIN L. SMITH, Esqr., to Miss ISABELLA TORRENCE, daughter of James Torrence, Esq.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE,

In this County, on the 12th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH GIBSON, relict of Mr. Francis Gibson.

Error.—In publishing the death of the infant child of Mr. Stockton, at Statesville, in our last, it should have been the child of Mr. *Joseph* Stockton, instead of *Daniel*. We received the notice, as published, from a correspondent in Iredell, under the signature of "A Friend and Subscriber," who, we presume, unintentionally made the mistake.

LOOK AT THIS!

MORE NEW GOODS!
AND
ALL CHEAP!!

I AM now receiving, from New York and Philadelphia, my **Fall Supply of GOODS**, which have been selected with great care and attention, and bought from the latest styles, for the Fall of 1835; consisting of

DRY GOODS,
Hardware & Cutlery,
QUEENSWARE
AND
GROCERIES.

The Public are most earnestly invited to call and judge for themselves.

☞ Country Produce, of all kinds, bought at the highest market prices.

☞ *A liberal discount made to cash customers.*

The subscriber feels grateful for past patronage, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of those favors bestowed upon him by his friends and the public.

WILLIAM MURPHY.

Salisbury, September 26, 1835. —p4—

FOR SALE,

A Pair of Northern Horses; well broke, well formed, and a capital Match. Any person wishing such an article as this, combined with good age, will call on the subscriber.

JOHN I. SHAVER.

Salisbury, Sept. 26, 1835. —tf—

CATAWBA SPRINGS
FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber having determined to remove to the south-west, offers for sale the above property, with or without the Furniture. The Plantation contains about **700 Acres** of Land; between 95 and 100 acres are low-grounds, cleared, ditched, and in good order otherwise; and is either good for Grain or Grass—there being about 12 Acres of the latter, (viz: meadow land.)

About 200 Acres of the high-lands are cleared and in fine order for cultivation. In all I think it good for 3,000 bushels of Corn, with a proportionable quantity of small grain.

The Houses want no repair, and are sufficient for entertaining 60 or 70 boarders, with fine Stablery, Carriage-house, and Threshing Machine. No building of any description is requisite for the place at present.

The property is now positively offered at a price so low that it will pay for itself in three years, by attention to the Farm and House. Persons wishing to buy had better lose no time, as it shall be sold, and the price at which it is offered will force it immediately. Letters to my address, at this Office, will meet prompt attention.

☞ NEGROES, for my own use, will be taken at fair prices.

Application may be made, for prices and payments, to the following Agents, viz:—Maj. H. W. Conner, of Salisbury; James A. Johnston, Esq., Charlotte; C. C. Henderson, Esq., Lincolnton, and A. M. Burton, Esq., of Beattie's Ford, who have the terms and will make sales.

WM. S. SIMONTON.

P. S. Attached to the Plantation is a fine stock of Hogs and Cattle, and an outstanding Crop of Corn—say 2,000 bushels, which may be had with the plantation. W. S. S.

Catawba Springs, September 26, 1835.—tf

☞ The Yorkville Journal of the Times will insert the above until forbid, and forward the account to Catawba Springs for payment.

MO E NEW GOODS!

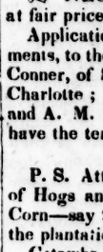
Henry W. Watson would inform his friends and the public, that he has just received, directly from the North, an entirely new Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry-Goods, Groceries, and Confectionaries, which he will dispose of CHEAP for cash. His Stock consists, in part, of *Fine blue, and other Cloths, Sattinets, Circassians, Bombazines, and Drillings; Vestings of various kinds; Hats, Bonnets, and Shoes; Hard-ware, Queens-ware, Cutlery, and Crockery-ware, Sugar, and Coffee; Powder, and Lead; good smoking and chewing Tobacco, &c. &c.*

His CONFECTIONARIES consist of various Candies, Nuts, &c.

H. W. W. particularly requests the public to call and examine his Stock, as he is very certain that he can find something to please all.

Salisbury, September 5, 1835. p4

MILITARY SCHOOL.



COL. CARTER JONES

WILL attend at Salisbury on Wednesday the 30th of this month, and on Thursday the 1st of next month; also, at Mocksville on Friday the 2nd, and Saturday the 3rd days of October, for the purpose of instructing his scholars at each of these places, being the second term for each.

September 5, 1835. —tm—

Stone Cutting.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public that he is now carrying on the above business, in all its various branches, six and a half miles South of Salisbury. He assures Gold-miners, Millers, and all interested in his business, that he will, on the shortest notice, furnish them with GOLD-GRINDERS and MILL-STONES, of the very best grit, and on cheap terms, executed in a style surpassing any other work of the kind done in this State. Also, Tomb-Stones, Window-Sills Door-Sills, &c., kept constantly on hand. Mill-Stones, heretofore costing from $35 to $40, he will now make for $25 or $30. Gold-Grinders heretofore costing $25 he will cut for $20. Window-Sills costing $4 for $2. Door-Sills the same. He only asks a trial of his work—being assured that he can give the most entire satisfaction. JOHN HOLDSOUSER.

May 23, 1835. —26p—

Scraps.

MANY THINGS IN FEW WORDS.—[ST CUSTOS.

As the fault of our Orators is, that they get up to make a speech, rather than to *speak*; so the great error of our Authors is, that they sit down to make a book, rather than to write.

But as it has been wisely ordained that light should have no colour, water no taste, and air no odour, so knowledge, also, should be equally pure, and without admixture. If it comes to us through the medium of prejudice, it will be adulterated; through the gothic walls of the college, or of the cloister, *it will smell of the lamp.*

He that studies books alone, will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men, will know how things are.

From the tribunal of the public there is no appeal, and it is fit that it should be so, otherwise we should not only have rivers of ink expended in bad writing, but oceans more in defending it; for he that writes in a bad style is sure to *retort* in a worse.

I have not forgotten the observation of him who said that "*in the same meadow, the ox seeks the herbage; the dog the hare, and the stork the lizard.*"

Few have borrowed more freely than Grey and Milton, but with a princely prodigality, they have repaid the obscure thoughts of others, with far brighter ones; like the ocean, which drinks up the muddy water of the rivers, from the flood, but replenishes them with the clearest from the shower.

In good truth, we should have a glorious conflagration, if all who cannot put *fire* into their works, would only consent to put their works into the *fire*.

Style is indeed the *valet* of genius, and an able one, too; but as the gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.

It is sufficiently humiliating to our nature, to reflect that our knowledge is but as the rivulet, our ignorance as the sea.

That Author, however, who has thought more than he has read, read more than he has written, and written more than he has published, if he does not command success, has at least deserved it.

A volume, therefore, that contains more words than ideas, like a tree that has more foliage than fruit, may suit those to resort to who want not to *think* but to dream and to slumber.

That writer does the most, who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the *least* time.

Should my readers think some of my conclusions too severe, they will in justice recollect, that my object is truth, that my subject is man, and that a handsome picture cannot represent deformity.

Where one party demands too much, and the other is inclined to concede too little, an arbitrator will please neither, by recommending such measures as would eventually serve both.

It has been truly remarked, that when a married man falls into adversity, he is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, "because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home of which he is the monarch." He can truly say, "If I am unacceptable to all the world besides, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and careness of me, from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection." Let every husband then remember this, and never keep from his wife his misfortunes, no matter how heart-rending they may be. Woman is always full of resources on these occasions, and will ever submit with cheerfulness to every privation which her altered circumstances may demand. There is many a husband who has never known the true character and value of his wife, until he has seen her resignation, fortitude, and almost angelic cheerfulness under the dark clouds of misfortune. It is then "she openeth her mouth in wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Then may the husband well acknowledge that he has found a truly virtuous woman, and her price to him, at least, is far above all rubies.

Southern Literary Messenger.

A layman, in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of a Deity:

"Brethren—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for a certainty, as I yesterday received from there a lot of 300 bbls., fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any man, for cash."

This reminds us of a passage in a sermon we once heard in Alabama—"You are all gone astray," said the preacher, "you are all sinners, and have gone astray—just as my horse did when I was up in Kentucky lately; and I- ha'nt found him yet, and you must supply me with another in his place, for I can't afford to preach for nothing and lose my horse too."—*Phila. Commercial Herald.*

A Mr. Turner, well known in Vermont for his witty sayings at the bar, was one day pleading a case before Justice Tyler, when he made use of some keen and playful satire, which was evidently aimed at the bench. The Judge winced a little, and endeavored to call the speaker to order, by saying, "None of your small shot here, Mr. Turner." "May it please your honor," replied the advocate, "we always proportion our shot to the nature of our game."

Remarkable Cure.—A young man in this village had a finger cut off by the blade of a hay-cutter a few days since. It was divided between the first and second joints. Dr. Deane was called in about fifteen minutes afterwards; the severed portion had fallen among the hay, and was then pale and cold; it was taken up, washed in warm water, secured on the stump by sewing and bandages, and is now entirely re-united. This fact should serve as a lesson in all similar cases, to "save the pieces."—*Franklin Mercury.*

"Sam," said a gentleman who wished to inquire the state of his neighbour's health, "go across the street and [illegible]." The servant [illegible] returned with the following answer:

"Massa Smith's compliments, and he says he is about [illegible]."

"Why, Sally, what's the matter, now? Sally?" said a negro husband, running into the house.

"I'm [illegible]."

"Where do you feel bad?"

"Why, where the Frenchman stuck and went to run!"

"Why, Sambo, it is said, we are going to pay 25 cents hereafter for [illegible], and I guess, sonny, you'll have to pay them."

WILKESBOROUGH HOTEL.

THE undersigned, occupying this Establishment in Wilkesborough, North-Carolina, will give his main attention to render it satisfactory to his friends, in all the requisites of a House of PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT. All the comforts and enjoyments that a pleasant and healthful situation, cheap and plentiful country, and commodious buildings will admit, he will endeavor to insure to his patrons. Those who have heretofore favored him with their company will always find that he remits none of his exertions to deserve a continuance of their good will.

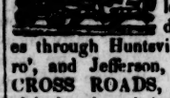
His House is well situated for the accommodation of Families and individual Boarders, as well as Travellers; and his Stables have ample supplies, and are attended by a faithful Ostler.

☞ The Office of the Wilkesborough Stage Line is kept at this house.

ABNER CARMICHAEL.

Sept. 19, 1835.

Wilkesborough Stage Line.



THE STAGE on this route leaves SALEM, N. C., on Sunday morning, at 5 o'clock, passes through Huntsville, Hamptonsville, Wilkesboro', and Jefferson, and arrives at SHOWN'S CROSS ROADS, Tenn., on Wednesday, 12 o'clock, where it intersects Kelly's line of Stages. Leaves Shown's Cross Roads same day at 1 o'clock, P. M., and arrives at Salem on Saturday at 4 P. M. There is now a continuous line of Stages from KNOXVILLE to SALEM, by way of Wilkesboro'. This route is believed to be *nearer*, by fifty miles, than any other from Salem to Knoxville.

The utmost attention will be devoted to preserve the road in good condition, and travellers will find their accommodation excellent and at low rates. The undersigned, who is Contractor for the route, undertakes to furnish good Coaches and superb Teams. He will, also, for a moderate consideration, convey his passengers from Wilkesboro' to Morganton, Salisbury, or Statesville.

FARE, from Salem to Shown's Cross Roads, $7, distance 120 miles.

ABNER CARMICHAEL.

Wilkesboro', September 19, 1835. —p9—

Salisbury Hotel,

BY—THOMAS A. HAGUE,

Salisbury, N. C.

THE Subscriber informs the Public, that he has purchased the above mentioned establishment of William H. Slaughter, in whose hands it has been long and advantageously known as a —HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT— He flatters himself that, by care and dilligent attention, he shall be able to keep up the former enviable reputation of this House.

His Table

Shall be well supplied with the best that a plentiful market can afford.

His Bar

Is furnished with the choicest *foreign* and domestic Liquors. His Rooms are large and commodious. His Beds and bedding are at all times particularly neat, clean, and comfortable, and *warranted secure against those annoyances that a traveller so much detests.* His Servants are honest, faithful, and obliging. His Stables are inferior to none—always well supplied with old Grain, and attended to by faithful Ostlers. He invites the travelling community to call once *for his sake*, and he doubts not but that they will call again for *their own sakes.*

To Stage Passengers:

The Stages on the main Northern and Southern Line, conducted by Peck and Wellford, and known as the Merchant's Line, arrive at and depart from this Hotel on every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and twice on Saturday.

☞ *This is to correct an impression which has been produced abroad, that another Hotel in this village is the Stage-house for this Line.*—Seats in all other Stages, arriving at or departing from this place, can be secured here.

Salisbury, August 15, 1835. —tf—

FOR SALE.

The Bank Lot and House,

IN the Town of Salisbury, will be offered at Public Sale, in said Town, *on Tuesday of next Rowan Superior Court*, (the 13th of October next,) on a credit of 6 and 12 Months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved Security. The Sale will be made without reserve.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Principal Bank. D. W. STONE, Cashier.

July 25, 1835.—ts—

Brick-Masons and House-Carpenters

TAKE NOTICE!

THE Building Committee of the Manual Labor School will receive proposals for building

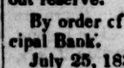
Four or five Brick Houses

For said institution, on October the 7th, at the residence of Wm. L. Davidson in Mecklenburg County, two miles from the site of said institution; when and where a general plan and specification, of construction will be prepared and contracts entered into. Contracts for the Brick and Carpenter's work will be combined or seperate, as circumstances may require. All persons who have a wish to undertake are requested to attend. By order of the Commissioners.

WM. L. DAVIDSON.

September 19, 1835. —p4—

Beeves Wanted!



THE Subscriber, intending to carry on the Butchering Business regularly in the Town of Salisbury, wishes to purchase a number of

GOOD BEEVES,

For which the highest prices will be given, in cash. His customers are notified that he will be ready to furnish them with GOOD BEEF on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings of each week the balance of the season.

DAVID KERNS.

September 5, 1835. —tf—

A Splendid

Line of Hacks,

FROM

Salisbury, (N. C.) to Raleigh, (N. C.)

THE SUBSCRIBERS,

ANXIOUS to afford every facility to the Travelling Public, now announce that they have completed all their arrangements and can with truth say, *We present you with a Line of Hacks possessing advantages over any other, if you wish to get on with ease and despatch*—having obtained that great *desideratum* with all Travellers—*no detention on the road.* It is so arranged as to correspond, in its arrivals at Raleigh, with the departure of the following Stages, viz: The Great Daily Line to Blakely, North-Carolina, passing through Louisburg, Warrenton, and Halifax; at the latter place a Line of Stages communicates with the Portsmouth Rail-Road for Norfolk: by continuing on to Blakley, you strike the Petersburg Rail-Road; and on your arrival at that place you have the choice of two Lines—either by land to Washington City, via. Richmond and Fredericksburg, or by Steam-Boat to Norfolk. There is also a Line of Stages from Raleigh to Norfolk, via. Tarborough, Murfreesborough, Winton, &c., over one of the best Natural Roads in the United States. At Norfolk there will be no detention, as there is a line of Steam-Boats for Baltimore in connexion with this line. This line also connects with one from Raligh to Newbern. The arrivals at Salisbury is regulated altogether by the departure of the Piedmont Line South, and the Great Western Line for Nashville, Tennessee, via. Lincolnton, Rutherfordton, Asheville, Knoxville, &c.

Leaves the Mansion Hotel, Salisbury, TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, A. M.—after the arrival of the Piedmont Stage from the South—arrives in Raleigh next days at 9 o'clock, P. M.—Leaves Raleigh TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 2 o'clock, A. M., arrives in Salisbury next days by 4 o'clock, P. M.—allowing sufficient time on the road for *SLEEP*.

☞ The Hacks are Albany make, entirely new, and cannot be surpassed for comfort and ease; the Teams are excellent, the Drivers careful and attentive, and the Fare low—*only SEVEN DOLLARS*—all intermediate distances 7 cents per mile.

☞ Passengers from the South who wish to take our Line will be careful to *enter to Salisbury only.*

☞ All Bundles and Packages at the risk of the owners.

WILLIS MORING,

JOSEPH L. MORING.

P. S. *This Line, from Salisbury to Baltimore is $8 cheaper than any other.*

April 11, 1835. —tf—

The Fare from Raleigh to Washington City amounts to $10 50, as follows:

From Raleigh to Blakley, Stage Fare, . . .	$7
Blakley to Petersburg, Rail-Road Fare,	3
Petersburg to Richmond, Stage Fare, .	1 50
Richmond to Fredericksburg, Stage Fare,	5
Fredericksburg to Washington City, Steam-Boat Fare, ...	3

The Steam-Boat Fare from Petersburg to Baltimore, via. Norfolk, is *Four Dollars.*

Medical College of S. Carolina, Queen-Street.—Charleston.

THE Annual course of Medical Instruction in this Institution, will commence on the 2nd Monday in November next, and terminate on the 1st Saturday in March ensuing.

Anatomy.—By William Hume, M. D.

Surgery.—By Elias Horry Deas, M. D.

Theory and Practice of Medicine.—By Thomas Y. Simons, M. D.

Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica.—By Henry Alexander, M. D.

Chemistry.—By Charles Davis, M. D.

Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.—By Francis Y. Porcher, M. D.

Anatomical Demonstrations.—By H. W. Crouch M. D.

☞ Clinical Instruction will be daily afforded at the Marine Hospital and City Alms House, which are under the Medical direction of this Faculty; also, in the Infirmary attached to the College, which is appropriated to negroes.

FRANCIS Y. PORCHER, M. D.,
Dean of the Faculty.

WILLIAM HUME, M. D., Secretary.

Charleston, S. C., August 29, 1835.—p10.

FALL & WINTER FASHIONS,

FOR 1835.

HORACE H. BEARD, Tailor,

BEGS leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that orders in his line will always be thankfully received by him, and executed in the most Neat, Fashionable, and Durable manner—on erms as reasonable as any in this section of country. H. H. B. hopes, from his long practice of his business, (a number of years of which time he resided in the city of Philadelphia,) and from the general satisfaction he has heretofore given to his numerous respectable and fashionable customers, to merit and receive a portion of the patronage of the public in general.

☞ He flatters himself that his CUTTING is *really* superior to any done in this State, as may be tested by the undisputed elegance of fit which attends garments made in his establishment. He is in the regular receipt of the Reports of the Fashions as they change both in the large cities of this country and of Europe—so that gentlemen may be satisfied that their orders will always be executed in the very latest style.

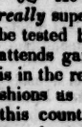
Orders from a distance will be attended to with the same punctuality and care as if the customer were present in person.

Salisbury, September 19, 1835.—1y.

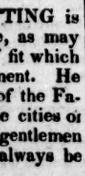
To Country Merchants.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and friends generally, that he is now receiving his Fall supply of Goods; which consists of a general, heavy, and well selected assortment of

GROCERIES AND DRY-GOODS,



Hardware & Cutlery,



HATS AND SHOES,

Drugs and Medicines,

WINES, &C., &C.

Without further enumeration, his Stock comprises almost every article now in common use in this country—it is inferior to none in Fayetteville.

C. J. ORRELL.

N. B. Personal and strict attention will be given to the receiving and forwarding Goods; receiving Cotton and other Produce for Storage, Sale, or Shipment as the owner may direct. C. J. O.

Brick Row, Haymount,

Fayetteville, September 19, 1835. 6m

DAVID L. POOL,

CLOCK & WATCH MAKER,

JEWELLER & SILVER-SMITH,

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public, that he still continues to carry on the above business, in all its various branches.

His Shop is still kept on the Main-street, in Salisbury, one door above the Store of Samuel Lemly & Son. Watches and Clocks of every kind will be REPAIRED with neatness, at short notice, on reasonable terms, and **Warranted for 12 Months.**

He will always keep on hand a variety of articles in his line; such as

Patent Lever **Watches,** (English, French, Swiss, and Dutch.)
Gold and Plated Fob Chains.
Gold and Plated Watch Guards.
Gold and Plated Watch Keys.
Gold and Plated Watch Seals.
Gold Ear-bobs, Breast-pins, and Finger-rings, (latest fashion.)
Silver Ware; Ever-pointed Pencil Cases, and Leads.
Silver Spectacles, and steel frames and glasses.
Fine Pocket and Dirk Knives, and Silver Fruit Knives.
Pocket Pistols and Dirks.
Breast-Buttons and Musical Boxes.
Gilt and Steel Watch Chains and Keys.

☞ Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for articles purchased at his shop, and in payment for work done and debts due. D. L. P.

Salisbury, August 22, 1835. —tf—

MORE NEW JEWELLERY.

THE Subscriber has just returned from Philadelphia, where he purchased a rich assortment of

WATCHES,

JEWELLERY. &C.,

Of the most recent Fashions.

Gentlemen's Gold and Silver Lever,	*Watches*
Do. do. Duplex,	
Ladies' Gold Lever and do.	
Plain English and Swiss	

Fine Gold Fob-Chains and Keys;
Fine Plated Fob-Chains and Keys;
Ladies' Plated Neck-Chains;
A rich assortment of Breast-Pins and Rings;
Fine Ear-Rings, Gold and Plated;
Ladies' Jet, Silver, and Gilt Waist-Buckles;
Shell Music Boxes and Silver Pencils;
A large assortment of Spectacles for all Eyes;
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine Pocket Books;
Superior Wade and Butcher Cencave Razors;
" Pocket-Knives and Scissors;
Leather and Silk Money-Purses;
Ladies' large Tuck and Side-Combs;
Do. Snuff-Boxes, and Thimbles;
Fine Plated Castors and Candle-sticks,

Together with Chains, Pistols, Seals, and Keys, &c.—Also, Silver Spoons and Sugar-Tongs.

He hopes that his Friends and Customers will call and see his fine assortment. and BUY.—He will sell low for CASH, or on a short credit.—Orders from a distance will be promptly filled.

Watches and Clocks repaired well, and *Warranted for Twelve Months.* ☞ Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for Jewellery.

JOHN C. PALMER.

Salisbury, September 12, 1835.—tf

Poplar Grove Academy.

THE Examination of the Students of this institution, (situated in the lower end of Iredell county, N. C.,) will take place on the 14th of October next. On the day following, there will be an Exhibition of polite, instructive, and entertaining Dialogues and Plays, together with a variety of original Speeches, &c. Parents, Guardians, and friends of literature are requested to attend.

The Exercises of the next Session (5½ months) will be resumed *on the 1st Monday in November.*

Rates of Tuition:

Latin and Greek Languages and sciences . $10

The following is the Course pursued, viz:

In the Latin:	*In the Greek:*
Adams', or Ruddiman's Grammar.	Valpy's Grammar.
Jacob's Latin Reader.	Jacob's Greek Reader.
Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, Sallust, and Horace.	Greek Testament. Græcæ Minora. Græcæ Majora.

Any Student can have the use of the above-mentioned books, together with the necessary vocabularies, at $2 50 per session; or can purchase them on moderate terms. Boarding can be had, in respectable families, at from $1 00 to $1 25 per week.

It is to be hoped, that the salubrious situation of Poplar Grove Academy; the moderate terms of Tuition and Boarding, and the good moral society of the neighbourhood, will induce a liberal share of the public patronage.

GEORGE T. EMERSON.

September 19, 1835. —p4—

☞ The Charlotte Journal, and the Yorkville, S. C., Journal of the Times are requested to insert the above Advertisement until the 14th of October, and forward their accounts to Mount Mourne P. O., Iredell county, N. C. G. T. E.

BRIGADE ORDERS.

Head Quarters,

MOCKSVILLE, August 14, 1835.

THE several Regiments composing the 7th Brigade of North Carolina Militia will parade at their several Muster Grounds, armed and equipped as the law directs, for Inspection and Review, as follows: The 88th Regiment, in Davidson, on Monday the 19th of October; the 87th on Wednesday the 21st; the 64th Regiment, in Rowan, on Friday the 23rd, and the 63rd on Tuesday the 27th of October next.

The Reviews will commence at each place at 12 o'clock. By Order of

JAMES COOK, Brig. Gen.

tm MUMFORD McKENZIE, Aid de Camp.

BLANKS.

AN extensive stock of BLANKS of every kind, neatly printed, on fine paper, kept constantly on hand and for sale, at THIS OFFICE.

Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic PILLS.

WE extract, from the Hand-bills accompanying each Box, the following testimonials to the efficacy of this valuable Medicine:

From the Rt. Rev. Levi S. Ives, D. D., Bishop of North Carolina.

RALEIGH, March 2, 1835.

Having, for the last three years, been intimately acquainted with Dr. John Beckwith, of this City, and enjoyed his professional services, I take pleasure in stating that his character as a Christian gentleman and experienced Physician, entitles his testimony, in regard to the use of his Anti dyspeptic Pills, to the entire confidence of the public.—My experience of the good effects of these Pills, for two years past, satisfies me of their eminent value, particularly in aiding in impaired digestion and warding off bilious attacks. Having been for a long time subject to the annual recurrence of such attacks, I was in the habit of resorting for security against them, and with a very partial success, to a liberal use of Calomel or blue Pill. But since my acquaintance with the Anti-dyspeptic Pill of Dr. Beckwith, which he prescribed in the first instance himself, I have not been under the necessity of using Mercury in any form, besides, being wholly exempt from billious attacks. Several members of my family are experiencing the same beneficial effects. L. S. IVES.

From Governor Iredell.

AUGUST 21, 1835.

Dr. Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic Pills have been used in my family, which is a large one, with the most beneficial effects. A number of my friends who have been afflicted with the Dyspepsia, and other disorders of the stomach, have spoken to me in strong terms of the relief they experienced from this remedy. Without the evidence I have received from others, my intimate knowledge of the professional and private character of Dr. Beckwith, for the last twenty years, justifies me in declaring, that he would give no assurances of facts of his own experience, or of professional deductions, of which he was not perfectly confident, and on which the public might not safely rely.

JAMES IREDELL.

From the Hon. George E. Badger.

RALEIGH, Nov. 7, 1834.

For several years past, Dr. Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic Pills have been used as a domestic medicine in my family. I have myself frequently used them for the relief of head-ache, acid and otherwise disordered stomach, resulting from imprudence or excess in diet, and I have had many opportunities of learning from others their effects, when used by them for like purposes. My experience and observation justify me in saying that the relief afforded by the Pills is generally speedy, and almost always certain—that they may be taken at any time without danger or inconvenience, and their operation is attended by no nausea or disagreeable effects whatever—and though I have known many persons use them, I have known none who did not approve them—none who sustained any injury, and none who failed to derive benefit from their use. And upon the whole, I do not hesitate to recommend them as an agreeable, safe, and efficacious remedy in Dyspeptic affections, and *believe* them myself to be the best Anti-dyspeptic medicine ever offered to the public.

G. E. BADGER.

☞ A constant supply of these Pills on hand and for sale, at THIS OFFICE.

September 5, 1835. —m6—

BLUM'S

CAROLINA and VIRGINIA ALMANACKS FOR 1836,

Calculated for the meridian of SALEM, N. C.

A SMALL SUPPLY of the above Almanacks have been received, and may be had at THIS OFFICE, Price 10 cents per copy—ts.

Current Prices of Produce, &c.

AT SALISBURY.....September 23, 1835.

	cents.		cents.
Bacon,	10 a	Molasses,	50
Brandy, apple,	40 a 45	Nails,	9 a 10
peach,	40 a 50	Oats,	25 a 30
Butter,	10 a	Rye,	75
Cotton, in seed,	4	Sugar, brown,	10 a 12½
clean,	14	loaf,	16 a 20
Coffee,	16 a 18	Salt,	112 a 125
Corn,	40 a 45	Tallow,	10
Feathers,	30 a 33	Tobacco,	8 a 20
Flour,	6 00 a 50	Wheat, (bushel)	80 a 100
Flaxseed,	100	Whiskey,	30 a 35

Linseed Oil, per gallon, $1 25

AT FAYETTEVILLE.....September 15.

Bacon,	9 a 11	Iron,	4½ a 5
Brandy, peach,	a 50	Molasses,	29 a 33
apple,	30 a 35	Nails, cut,	7 a 7½
Beeswax,	21 a 22	Sugar, brown,	9 a 11
Coffee,	12 a 14½	lump,	15
Cotton,	15 a 16	loaf,	16 a 17
Corn,	60 a 65	Salt,	60
Flaxseed,	120 a	Wheat,	110
Flour,	600 a 700	Whiskey,	30 a 00
Feathers,	35 a	Wool,	16 a 18

AT CHERAW, (S. C.) September 16, 1835.

Bacon,	8 a 10	Nails and Brads,	7½
Beeswax,	20	Sugar, brown,	9 a 10
Coffee,	13 a 16	do. lump,	14½ a 16
Cotton,	20 a	do. loaf,	16 a 17
Corn,	85 a 90	Salt, per sack,	250 a 275
Flax-seed,	100 a 120	do. bushel,	70 a 75
Flour, country,	750 a 850	Cotton Bagging,	18 a 30
do. northern,	800 a 900	Bale Rope,	12 a 13
Feathers,	34 a 37	Wheat,	100
Iron,	4½ a 5	Wool,	21
Molasses,	33 a 40	Whiskey,	40 a 47

RATES OF EXCHANGE

At the Merchant's Bank of S. Carolina, at Cheraw:

Checks on New York,	½ per cent. prem.
do. Charleston,	¼ per cent. prem.

AT COLUMBIA, (S. C.).....September 5, 1835.

Bacon,	10 a 12	Lard,	10 a 12½
Brandy, peach,	75	Molasses,	40 a 45
apple,	40 a 50	Mackerel,	700 a 950
Beeswax,	15 a 16	Salt, in sacks,	275 a 300
Butter,	18¾ a 25	bushel,	75
Coffee,	16 a 20	Sugar, brown,	10 a 12½
Corn,	70 a 90	loaf & lump,	18 a 22
Cotton,	16½ a 18¾	Tallow,	10 a 12½
Flour,	800 a 900	Teas,	00 a 125
Iron,	5¼ a 5½	Whiskey,	40 a 45

At CAMDEN, S. C., new Cotton is selling at 19 cts